

SANTA LUCIA



1928

SANTA LUCIA

Bird Number



Being the Eighth Year Book

issued by the

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS
of

MARGARITA BLACK UNION
HIGH SCHOOL

Atascadero, California

Nineteen Hundred & Twenty-eight



To
AUDREY HOLLOWBECK
*who, through her ever ready sympathy and
constant effort in all the activities of the
M. B. U. H. S., has directed us
toward higher ideals and toward the
development of a greater fitness
for life's accomplishments, we
dedicate this Annual in lov-
ing appreciation.*

A. D.
NINETEEN TWENTY-EIGHT



FACULTY

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MISS MARGARET STEELE	Music History, Appreciation, Harmony, Glee Clubs
MISS RUTH RODDA	Dental Hygienist
MISS GENEVIEVE LYMAN	Secretary to the Principal
MR. FRANK L. KOCH	Custodian of the Buildings



E. MARILYN BALL

*Tiny and modest is the Wren,
But active and cheery as any.*

College Preparatory Course. Glee Club '25, '26, '27, '28; "The Toreadors" '25; Spanish Play '25; "The Pirate's Daughter," '26; "In Old Louisiana" '28; "Follies of '28."

ALICE MARIE BERRY

*The gliding, wheeling Swallow,
Builder of wonderous aerial castles.*

College Preparatory Course. Society Editor SANTA LUCIA '27; Senior Class Play, "Clarence," '28; Typing Contest '28; Class Secretary-Treasurer, '28; "Follies of '28"; Literary Editor SANTA LUCIA '28.

ESTHER BREESE

*Boldly flies the Magpie,
As handsome a bird as ever
Soared the heavens.*

College Preparatory Course. Glee Club '25, '26, '27, '28; "The Toreadors" '25; "The Maid Who Wouldn't Be Proper" '25; "Why The Chimes Rang" '27; Senior Class Play, "Clarence," '28; "Follies of '28."

MARGARET DAVIS

*The industrious and capable Sandpiper,
That housekeeper of the sea.*

General Academic Course. Glee Club '25, '26, '27, '28; Orchestra '25, '26, '27; "The Toreadors" '25; "The Pirate's Daughter" '26; "Why the Chimes Rang" '27; Volleyball '27; Typing Contest '27, '28; "Follies of '28;" Class President '28.

LOIS DOSER

*A dart, a dash, a graceful dip,
And the Humming Bird is away,
Leaving behind a trail of pleasure.*

General Academic Course. Glee Club '25, '26, '27, '28; "The Toreadors" '25; "The Pirate's Daughter" '26; Class Secretary-Treasurer '26; "In Old Louisiana" '28; "Follies of '28."

JANE DUSSARD

*Brilliant, in vestments of flame,
The Flamingo stands in solitary splendor.*

General Academic Course. Entered from Santa Paula H. S. '26; Glee Club '28; "In Old Louisiana" '28; "Follies of '28."

LUCILLE FAIR

*A fastidious bird, the Chickadee,
Daintily feasting on dandelion fluff*

College Preparatory Course. Glee Club '26, '27, '28; Orchestra '25, '26, '27; "Why the Chimes Rang" '27; "In Old Virginia" '28; "Follies of '28."

DOROTHY FORTNEY

*Oh, Oriole, thou master craftsman,
Weaving, from thy brilliant hues, true art.*

College Preparatory Course. Spanish Plays '25, '26; "The Pirate's Daughter" '26; Glee Club '27; "Why the Chimes Rang" '27; "In Old Louisiana" '28; "Follies of '28."

FRANCES FOX

*Now comes the proud Cardinal,
That lovely and tropical singer.*

College Preparatory Course. Glee Club '25, '26, '27; Orchestra '25; "The Toreadors" '25; Spanish Play '25; "The Maid Who Wouldn't Be Proper" '25; Class President '25; Basketball '25, '26, '27, '28; Girls' Athletic Manager '26; Girls' League Treasurer '26; "The Pirate's Daughter" '26; "Why the Chimes Rang" '27; Jokes and Snaps Editor SANTA LUCIA '27; Volleyball '27, '28; "Dust of the Road" '28; "Follies of '28."

HARRIETT LOUISE HASTY

*Up in the clouds, away from the earth,
Trills the Lark, filled with the joy of living.*

College Preparatory Course. Glee Club '25, '26, '27, '28; "The Toreadors" '25; "The Pirate's Daughter" '26; "Why the Chimes Rang" '27; "In Old Louisiana" '28; "Dust of the Road" '28; Senior Class Play, "Clarence," '28; Girls' League Parliamentarian '28; Editor SANTA LUCIA '28; "Follies of '28"; Typing Contest '28.





MARION HESS

*Silently stalks the Crane,
Envying not the course of his lesser brethren.*

College Preparatory Course. Orchestra '25, '26, '27, '28; Band '26, '27, '28; Agriculture Club '26; Student Body Treasurer '27; Senior Class Play, "Clarence," '28; "Follies of '28."

NORMAN HINTON

*The Owl, symbol of wisdom,
Ever industriously amasses more knowledge.*

College Preparatory Course. Class Vice-President '26; Student Body Treasurer '28; Senior Class Play, "Clarence," '28; "Follies of '28."

NORAH HOBBS

*Shyly trails the Bobolink
With untold wealth of character
Beneath her modesty.*

Commercial Course. Glee Club, '25, '26, '27, '28; "The Toreadors" '25; "The Pirate's Daughter" '26; Typing Contest '25, '26, '27, '28; Shorthand Contest '27; "Follies of '28."

ARDEN LICHTY

*Up, up, and on soars the Eagle,
With his mighty wings
Beating a path to the sun.*

College Preparatory Course. Yell Leader '25, '26; Debating Team '25; Orchestra '25, '26, '27; Spanish Play '26; Jokes and Snaps Editor, SANTA LUCIA '26; Glee Club '27; Class Vice-President '27; Student Body Vice-President '27; "In Old Louisiana" '28; Senior Class Play, "Clarence" '28; Art Editor SANTA LUCIA '28; "Follies of '28"; Student Body President '28.

EDITH MALLET

*Sweetly sings the Thrush,
Blessed with quiet ecstasy.*

General Academic Course. Glee Club '25, '26, '28; "The Toreadors" '25; "The Pirates Daughter" '26; "In Old Louisiana" '28; "Follies of '28."

WILMA McGARVEY

*The Wild Canary, that tiny songster,
Gives voice to its gay heart.*

Commercial Course. Entered from Hylward School
for Girls, Los Angeles, California, '27



ADA MOORE

*O Dove, gentle bird of evening hour,
Bringing peace, yet merry, sweet content*

General Academic Course. Glee Club '25; Or-
chestra '25, '26, '27, '28, "The Toreadors"
"Follies of '28."

EMILIE PIERCE

*With cocked head and happy heart
The Flicker keeps watch of the world's doings*

Commercial Course. Glee Club '25, '26;
"The Toreadors" '25, "The Pirates' Daughter"
'26; Typing Contest '25, '26, '27, '28, Girls Ath-
letics Editor SANTA LUCIA '26, '27; Volleyball '27,
'28; Shorthand Contest '27, '28; Basketball
'27, '28; "Why the Chimes Rang" '27; Class Sec-
retary-Treasurer '27; Secretary Girls' League '28,
Secretary Student Body '28; "Follies of '28."

EDITH THOMPSON

*Quiet and gentle
Yet with a merry way without,
The Linnet's friends remain ever hers*

General Academic Course. Debating Team
Glee Club '25, '26, '27; "The Toreadors" '25;
Spanish Play '26; "The Pirate's Daughter"
Oratorical Contest '26; "Follies of '28."

FRANCES VAIL

*Like a ray of clear blue light
Over the world flashes to her heart
Messenger of true happiness.*

College Preparatory Course. Oratorical Contest,
'25; Glee Club '25, '26, '27, '28; Orchestra '25;
"The Toreadors" '25; "The Pirate's Daughter"
'26; Parliamentarian Girls' League '26; Society
Editor SANTA LUCIA '26; Class President
Treasurer Girls' League '27; Volleyball '27
Basketball '27, '28; "Why the Chimes Rang"
"Dust of the Road" '28; "In Old Louisiana" '28,
Senior Class Play, "Clarence," '28; "Follies of
'28."



DOROTHY WEAVER

*The warm-hearted Robin,
Spring's first true harbinger.*

College Preparatory Course. Volleyball '25, '26, '27, '28; "The Toreadors" '25; Glee Club '25, '26, '28; Basketball '26, '27, '28; "The Pirate's Daughter" '26; Girls' Athletic Manager '27; President Girls' League '28; "In Old Louisiana" '28; "Dust of the Road" '28; Senior Play, "Catherine" '28; "Follies of '28."

ALBERTA WEBER

*There swoop the Meadow-Lark,
Persevering in its search for life's offerings.*

Commercial Course. "The Toreadors" '25; "The Pirate's Daughter" '26; Glee Club '25, '26, '27; Basketball '26, '27, '28; Volleyball '26, '27, '28; Typing Contest '25, '26; "Follies of '28."

ESTELLA WEBER

*Quickly runs the Quail, an athletic bird,
With never a swerving from her straight path.*

Commercial Course. "The Toreadors" '25; "The Pirate's Daughter" '26; Glee Club '25, '26, '27; Basketball '26, '27, '28; Volleyball '26, '27, '28; Typing Contest '26, '27, '28; "Follies of '28."

DONALD STINCHFIELD

*The Penguin, a cocky fellow he,
With worldly and sophisticated mein.*

College Preparatory Course. Football '25; Baseball '26; Football '27; Basketball '28. A. and M. Club '25, '26, '27, '28; President of A. and M. Club '28; "In Old Louisiana" '28

RICHARD KELLY

*In the ancient forest
The Woodpecker breaks the silence
With his rhythmic tattoo*

College Preparatory Course. Entered from Blue Ridge School for Boys, N. C. Football '26, '27; Baseball Squad '27; Basketball '27, '28; "Follies of '28."

SENIORS

CLASS OFFICERS

MARGARET DAVIS	<i>President</i>
RICHARD KELLY	<i>Vice-President</i>
Alice Berry	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

CLASS HISTORY

EMILIE PIERCE, '28

"What's that fluttering noise I hear?"

"Oh, just another flock of chirping fledglings just up from the Hatchery. Freshmen, you know."

Thus were we greeted upon our arrival here after our first long flight. A short while before, we had left the Grammar School Hatchery, and after resting up a bit were told that it was time to migrate to our new home on the hill. As we flitted around getting accustomed to our new and delightful surroundings and renewing old acquaintances of the Hatchery, we found that our old friends had quite forgotten their younger days and were beginning to be annoyed by our inexperience. They also decided that the color arrangement of our feathers lacked harmony. "Too much green" said they. So they straightway proceeded to dye every one of our feathers a brilliant orange flecked with grey. This, they explained, was to show that we belonged to M. B. U. H. S.

It was not long, however, before our talents were recognized by the upper classmen and soon they were drawing from our flock for athletes, musicians, vocalists, actors, and, in fact, anything they needed.

When our green feathers had entirely disappeared, our title changed also. We became Sophomores.

Our Sophomore year found many of our members filling Student Body and Girls' League offices, and some had even found places on the Annual Staff.

Early in the year we decided to do something very clever and original, so we began a series of school dances which have since proved very popular. Another feather in our cap!

Juniors! Higher and higher were we rising toward our goal. Our Junior year was even more successful than the other two. More offices were entrusted to us. Our Prom was a huge success.

And then, before we realized it, we had reached the clouds. We were Seniors. Nothing need be said of this year except that it has been the busiest, happiest one of all. And now, as we bid farewell to M. B. U. H. S., we can surely say that she has sheltered us well and we know that our wings of ambition will carry us farther toward our greater goal because they were strengthened here.

THE ASCENSION OF THE CLASS OF '28

DOROTHY FORTNEY, '28

Making a tremulous approach to the blazing light, which, to tell the truth, I didn't just recognize, it seemed to me that I was in the presence of a familiar soul. Brown eyes placidly gazed at me and thru the mist of thirty years I recognized Harriette Hasty. She murmured something about, "Fancy seeing you here—and I polter totter that the pleasure was all mine, but where were we?" Hiet was astonished,—didn't I know Heaven when I saw it? She had known it intuitively the minute she came near it but then Hiet had been a professional hostess on earth and was used to such things, and other things, also.

As it neared my turn in line I heard St. Peter asking someone for her name, address, previous condition of servitude, and credentials. Behold, it was Margaret Davis who in that distant year had been president of the glorious class of '28. It appeared that Skeeter was the head of a big pastry organization and that one of her cakes had burned which same caused Skeeter to die of a fit of anger.

With Hiet and Skeeter vouching for my good behavior, St. Peter let me in with probably only a few twinges of conscience. I did hear, later, that he had hesitated on the names of Donald Stinchfield and Marion Hess. But Hess, renowned for his ability to make yes and no change places soon convinced St. Peter that Stinchy and he were decided advantages to Paradise. Stinchy, a tooth paste advertiser, beamed with such brightness that the heavens alone could reflect his glory. We were all glad to hear this as we needed all boys possible in our class reunion, for that was what it was beginning to be. Who should be St. Peter's private secretaries but Emilie Pierce and Norah Hobbs! They informed us that most of the old gang had already arrived.

It was evident that some of the class had not left old habits behind, for I noticed Lois Doser and Dick Kelly teaching young angels to do the Celestial Clog.

That is, Shorty was teaching them and Chard was audience.

Skeeter mentioned the fact that Edith Mallet had been the other half of the Davis & Mallet Cake Co., and that we might expect to see Edith any moment. Sure enough we did. She was talking to Jane Dassard. Jane had been a trained muse on Earth and had taken care of all the good customers of Skeeter's and Edith's.

"Oskee wow wow!

Whiskee Whee, Whee ——."

Arden! He who had been in consular service for the government, was reverting to High School days and leading a feminine choir in a rousing cheer. Close by Dot Weaver was 'running interference' with 'My Blue Heaven,' a song which was made unusually popular in 1928 by Dot Weaver. Nick Fair was accompanying her on the harp. Yes, Nick finally got her harp.

Norman Hinton had been experimenting with an airship in his leisure hours from banking. Nemo and the airship started for the moon but arrived in Heaven. Recovering from his embarrassment Nemo proceeded to explain that it was a case of mistaken identities.

Alice Berry flew up to get a full report of Nemo's experience for the Halo Herald and right in her wake came Ada Moore. Ada was followed, as usual, by two wistful young men angels whose names are unknown. Alice said that she had been listening in on a heated debate between Foxy and Esther Breese with Edith Thompson as referee. Their ability for such things had been ably demonstrated in American Democracy class. Alice also mentioned that the topic under discussion was utterly foreign to the time and place.

In the distance I noticed Estella and Alberta having a sisterly game of basketball. Estella and Alberta had each been given a medal for conspicuous bravery while in action. You see, they had discovered a practical use for halos—just the thing for baskets in basket-ball! A wee cherub was flitting around watching them

and it was some time before I recognized Wilma McGarvey, as dainty as ever and as full of life.

Frances Vail came rushing over to greet us. Francois, with her genius for executive duties, was chairman of the Decoration Committee of Associated Angels. She had been accidentally detained by some seraphic body who refused to be decorated.

"Teacher" was in Heaven. Naturally. When the roll was called up yonder the whole class responded with energetic "heres." "Teacher" called the class to order and by some miracle or other we all did come to order, after a time, and Marylyn Ball, who long had a suppressed desire to be a music teacher led the class of '28 in the stirring strains of

"Angels pass
And remark, 'Some class!
They're the last word!'"

CLASS WILL

We, the Senior Class of the Margarita Black Union High School, being of sound minds and impenetrable consciences, having gained a vast amount of experience, knowledge and other peculiar but equally important characteristics during our four years sojourn here, do hereby bequeath and bestow upon vicious notorious characters, the following, (may they use them well and profit by them) To wit:

I, MARYLYN BALL, do bequeath my studious nature to Lewis Cavanaugh.

I, ALICE BERRY, do bequeath my place on the honor roll to Arthur Horner.

I, ESTHER BREESE, do bequeath my lipstick to Barbara Clark.

I, MARGARET DAVIS, do bequeath my Presidency of the Senior Class to some unlucky Junior.

I, LOIS DOSER, do bequeath my exquisite dancing feet to Walter Nelson.

I, JANE DUSSARD, do bequeath my ability to write letters in class, (and to get away with it) to Margaret Worden.

I, LUCILLE FAIR, do bequeath my athletic ability to Owen Asberry.

I, DOROTHY FORTNEY, do hereby discard "Sweetly Dottems" and do bequeath it to the M. B. U. H. S. Museum to be used in case of fire.

I, HARRIET HASTY, do bequeath my graceful carriage (not meaning buggy) to Hinton Howe.

I, MARION HESS, do bequeath my inspiring tenor voice to my brother, Harold, so that this priceless treasure may be kept in the family.

I, NORMAN HINTON, do bequeath my tuxedo used in the Senior Play to Arthur Ayres to be worn at future A and M Club Dances.

I, NORAH HOBBS, do bequeath my ability to keep quiet at the right time to Arden Weaver.

I, DICK KELLY, do bequeath my inborn and everlasting laziness to Maxine Hammock.

I, ARDEN LICHTY do bequeath my chronic liver ailment and ability to drive mules without swearing to Robert Pennington.

I, EDITH MALLETT, do bequeath my Geisha Doll Look (whatever that may be) to Frances Peterson of Dutch nationality.

I, WILMA McGARVEY, do bequeath my infinitesimal size to Halford Hartson, our only specimen of Herculean stature.

I, ADA MOORE, do bequeath my abhorrence of all forms of reptiles to Ruth Talbot—may she enjoy them!

I, EMILIE PIERCE, do bequeath my habit of saying "I don't know" in History to Helen Reynolds. (Perhaps she doesn't need it).

I, DONALD STINCHFIELD, do bequeath my motorcycle to Howard

Chittenden to be used as a Freshman Scholarship prize.

I, EDITH THOMPSON, do bequeath my soft and melodious voice, especially commended by Mrs. Zimmerman, to Ivan Leichty.

I, FRANCES VAIL, do bequeath my various bones and angles to Elizabeth Bryant to add to her collection.

I, DOROTHY WEAVER, do bequeath my mountain and flagpole climbing ability to Charles Anderson, to be used next year in putting up the banner on Pine Mountain.

I, ALBERTA WEBER and I, ESTELLA WEBER, do jointly bequeath our sliver to Dr. Fosdick to be used in place of the School Buick which will then become the property of the Senior Class.

WE, the Class of '28, do bequeath:

Our unprecedented ability to reach the pinnacles of success to the Juniors.

Our gratitude for their past and present sufferings and successes to Mrs. Zimmerman and Mrs. Holmes.

Our best wishes for the future and a pledge of everlasting loyalty to our "Teacher", Miss Hollenbeck.

(Signed)

CLASS OF '28.

Witnesses:

DUB. L. CHYN,
HERR TONIC.

Lawyer:

SIR LOYNE STAKE.

PRAIRIE SAGE

MARGARITA ESTRADA, '30

Folks have told me that back in the East
They have buildings of dazzling heights.
But their heights are strange
To a guy from the range,
Whose seen only birds in their flights.

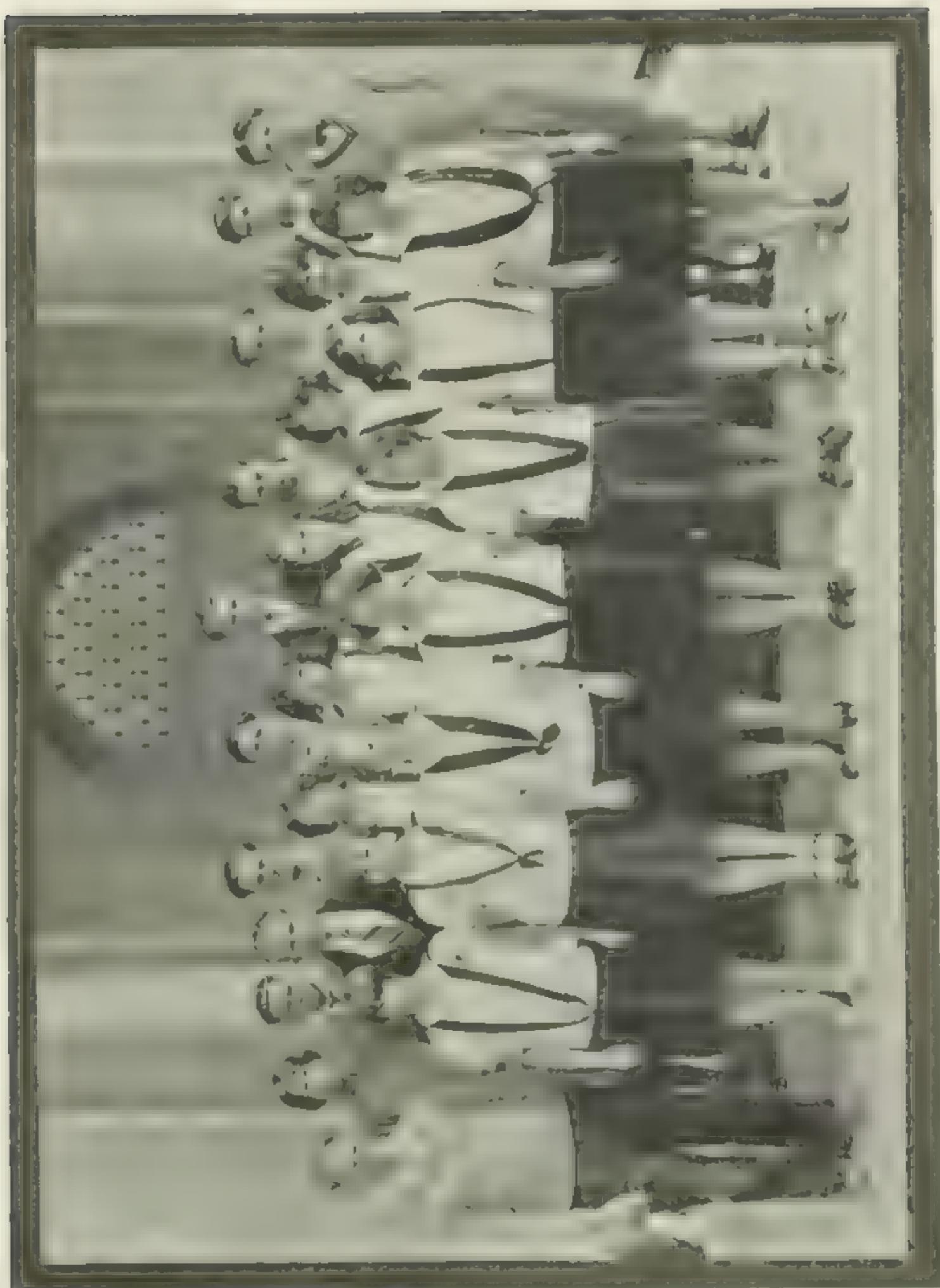
They say that its beauty and wealth
Could fill in full many a page;
But I'd need more room
And I'd miss the bloom
Of dawn on the wild prairie sage.

I'd miss the sunrise in the morning
As it leaps up above the world's aige
And the prairie bird's call;
But I'd miss most of all
The scent of the sweet prairie sage.

I guess I'll stay on the prairie;
For a city to me'd be a cage.
So I'll stay, I suppose,
Where God's perfume grows—
The scent of the sweet prairie sage.

EX-E-SIVE ASSOCIATED BETTER BUSINESS







CLASS OFFICERS

ROBERT PENNINGTON

President

MILDRED CHASE

Vice-President

DENISE DOTY

Secretary-Treasurer

JUNIORS

HELEN REYNOLDS, '29

Out of sorts you'll never see
The jolly Juniors; sports are we!
In our class we've twenty-two,
And now I'll name them all for you.
Now let's begin with Charlie B.
He's next to Charlie A., you see.
A brilliant miss is Marva Jane,
Who has the gift of voice and brain.
Along there comes the merry three,
Margaret, Mary and Dorothy.
Lyle and Berwyn, each bright-eyed youth
Is jolly, too, we know forsooth;
What is joy without Blundell
And Dot and Milly we pray thee tell?
Then comes Penny and Marion O.,
If they weren't here we'd miss them so.
Elvin, Doris, Dallas and Ruth,
All fine Juniors, to tell the truth;
Another of them is Doty dear,
Whom happy Boots is always near.
The last triad that now comes, folks,
Is Leroy, Charles and Stuart Oakes.
And now we students bright and free
Fill the school with jollity:
Joy to the world we'll always give,
Our fame in History will ever live!

POPPY

FRANCES PETERSON, '30

The poppy never does grow old;
It shines just like a piece of gold.

From year to year it starts a fire,
Within my heart, a deep desire,

That you may never change its mould,
Or ever, ever grow quite old.





CLASS OFFICERS

CARL CHASE

President

HELEN PETERSON

Vice-President

HINTON HOWE

Treasurer

FRANCES PETERSON

Secretary

RAYMOND KUNKEL

Parliamentarian

SOPHOMORES

KATHRYN GEILKEN, '30

The upperclassmen seem to think
That they are all the go,
And that we little Sophomores
Are just somewhat below.

They sneak around and talk about
The Prom and Ditch Day, too;
I wonder if they stop to think
What Sophomores can do?

We wouldn't cheep, we wouldn't peep,
We wouldn't even spy;
But, oh! what troubles we could make
If we should just once try.

Just wait 'til 1930 comes
And we no more are Sophs;
You wonder if our goal we'll reach?
Just ask our wise old Profs!

A FISH STORY

KERR HEILMANN, '30

I like to go a-fishing
On a bright summer day,
I like to go and catch them
Where they're as thick as hay.

One day I caught a boat full,
It surely was a haul;
There was no room for rowing,
For help I had to call.

The help was not forthcoming;
The boat was full of trout,
I could not swim at all, and so
I had to throw them out.





CLASS OFFICERS

HOWARD CHITTENDEN	President
HOWARD ARMSTRONG	Vice-President
RUTH EISENBIE	Secretary-Treasurer
ALFRED MILLER	Sergeant-at-Arms
ROWLAND KENNEY	Yell Leader

CLASS COLORS

Green and White

FRESHMAN HISTORY

MAXINE HAMMOCK, '31

Picture thirty-four Freshmen wandering sadly around the halls, with woe-begone looks on their faces, as they searched distractedly for the rooms where they were supposed to be. Finally, after about one-half of them had been waylaid by upperclass men, they arrived at their respective classes.

After about a week of this, in which they got used to all the doors and corridors, the upperclassmen took pity on them and decided to let them get acquainted. Their method of doing this was the Freshman Reception, which everyone enjoyed immensely.

The Freshmen gave a St. Patrick's Dance, March 17, and, aside from the fact that the orchestra was an hour late, it was a great success.

This ends the chronicle of the Freshmen's special endeavors for the year, but—now that they are more accustomed to the ways and manners of the school, they are proving their ability and will doubtless go far as Sophomores.

BABY

CARNA M. HANSON, '30

A baby is so small and sweet.
Each day he finds a plaything new.
He wonders at his baby feet,
And laughs a baby laugh for you.

His eyes are very, very blue,
His mouth is like a budding rose,
His hair is rather curly, too,
He has the cutest little nose!

And mother is so proud of him;
He is his daddy's greatest joy.
They think they'll call him "Baby Jim,"
Because he is his "daddy's boy."

SANTA LUCIA

STAFF

1928





Everything is created from and made up of Patterns. Life itself is a Pattern. To some of us who are lost in its meaning and complexity, it is not clear or definite. Nothing, however, is understood or takes definite shape, meaning, or color until all the threads are combined and woven intricately by skilled fingers and minds. Very often a mistake is made and the perfection of the Pattern is marred. Sometimes so many mistakes are made that the whole Pattern is apparently a failure. A true and beautiful Pattern must have texture, harmony, color—a definite plan. So our life Pattern must be,—a beautifully molded character, a life in harmony with the good and beautiful, full of color, interest, and appreciation, following the plan of the Master Weaver.

Of untold value to the world is a lovely poem, an exquisite vase, a beautiful bit of music,—Patterns all! But of far more worth are the character Patterns which thru self-denial, bitter experience, pain, and laughter are growing nearer and nearer each day to the Divine Pattern. Just as in weaving a rug mistakes are made, so in molding a life many mistakes are made. Sometimes they are minor and unimportant and by a little careful, painstaking work may be rewoven into the Pattern. Just as often, however, something occurs which cannot be covered harmoniously. Then the whole Pattern must change accordingly. Either it will become a fuller, richer, stronger Pattern, or it will terminate in a hopeless blur.

We who are building character Patterns have a far more difficult and intricate task ahead of us than those who are building merely inanimate Patterns. The latter may make each one sufficient unto itself and a law unto itself. We, however, must weave our Patterns harmoniously into each other, not so much as to lose individuality, but so each one will give to its neighbor just that which is needed.

Many times we will become weary of the constant struggle and toil of weaving and we will despair of reweaving. We must always bear in mind, however, that it is these very things—the mistakes which must be rewoven, that lend the beautiful color and power to our Patterns. Only thru toil and privation is perfection ever achieved—and only by persevering, weaving and reweaving, bearing always in mind the Divine Pattern, will a true and worthwhile Pattern ever be achieved.

MOUNTAINS

CARNA M. HANSON 3

The mountains strangely silent are,
And yet they speak so plainly, too;
It seems as tho you can't repeat,
The lovely things they say to you.

In Memoriam



POLLY HARRIS
1910-1927

Loved, trusted and honored by all who knew her;—a delight and
an inspiration in all of life's contacts.

TREASURE

POLLY HARRIS, '27

I think a summer day's a lovely thing—
A drone of bees, of bright things on the wing;
A far blue line of mountains, distance soft,
A warm blue depth of heaven, high aloft.

I love a night that's powdered gold with stars,
A thing that breaks thru all reality's bars;
A subtle stir of night wind in tall trees,
And silver moonlight, incense on the breeze.

Something of each I treasure in my heart,
A lustrous pearl for each day set apart,
And when the number of my days are spent,
I'll count my treasure o'er, and rest—content.



SETTING SAIL AT DAWN

LORNA THOMPSON, '28
Tread down, you great ship,
 Tread down the sea,
 'Til the land's last drift
 Like a mist lies a-lee:
 Tread down the bright waves
 That bear me afar
 To the sea and the sky
 And the morning star.
Let out your topsails,
 Your mainsails, and take
 The strength of the winds
 For the new day's sake!

CROSSES

FRANCES FOX, '28

Two bleached, gray boards. What do they signify? Row upon row of them standing out stark and agonized thru a glare of golden poppies. What is their purpose? To show that what was once a man, eager of lip and eye and ear, filled with the zest of living, lies here. And though the poppies live and bloom, they live on death,—speak of death thru their heavy odor.

What do they matter—these bleached gray boards? They are the symbol sacrificed. Thousands of them for weary miles marking and remarking the golden field into death-habited aisles. Markers of death. Just two bleached boards that the world may know, may realize, if it is able, the sacrifice of each life.

Once, far away, on a windy hill, three crosses reached agonizingly to the sky. And these, the mark War leaves behind him, are they the symbol of Jesus still?

DESTINY

DOROTHY FORKNER, '28

Onward, relentlessly it flows—onward! Here and there a stone will futilely try to brook the flood and it may succeed, for a day. Then it sings,—“Behold, I and I alone, have stopped the water!” But the ghastly grey moon sees no stone. The River, the pitiless River, has carried the stone away in its mad, onward rushing. The River itself is but one of myriad Rivers and when tomorrow, next day, or an aeon hence dawns, this River will be no more.

Once there dwelt on Earth a Man. A Man envied of Men,—for had he not the wealth of a thousand kings? The Man was proud. Had he not placated the Gods? Had not the priests, for gold, sworn that they would stem the advancing tide? He grew old and his heart grew feeble from the beatings and the churning of the River. Yet the Man was proud. Behold, he, and he alone, had stopped the River. Yes. And the ghastly grey moon rose upon a grave. In the River there was not even a bubble.

MY TRIP TO MARS

MAXINE HAMMOCK, '31

We were motoring blithely along the Pacific Highway when suddenly I noticed a queer, singing noise and heard music and bells in the distance. Then I was hurled through space, thirty-three thousand miles of it, in fact, and found myself standing in a world utterly unfamiliar to me, facing a large, handsome man at least eight feet tall, with brilliant eyes and dark hair. He was dressed in beautiful brown fur from top to toe, and seemed much surprised to see me.

He looked down at me in a way that made me feel like a pygmy, but he smiled and spoke kindly.

"Child, where did you come from?" he asked. (And to save my soul I couldn't remember, as it had been so long since I had started.)

"I believe you belong to the planet Earth. Do you?"

"I suppose so. I was pretty close to it the last I remember," I replied. "But where am I, and how dreadfully cold it is here!"

"Why, this is the planet Mars," said the handsome giant, and added, "Yes, it is much colder here than on earth. You have more sun, but we have two moons. Think of that, child, TWO moons. How glad I am to see you. We have been watching the people of your planet for many years, (our years are much longer than yours, six hundred and eighty-seven days in each.) This planet is at present morning star to the earth. Do you ever notice it?"

"Of course," I replied, "but we have never known for certain that Mars was inhabited."

"Oh, yes," he said, "though not so thickly as the earth. Some of the things your people do are most difficult for us to understand, at such a great distance."

"Me, too, so don't let that worry you," I answered, "but what things, for instance?"

"Well," said the giant, "the way they get in those queer little affairs with wings, that look like Mars' magpies, and hop about. Why we have noticed that some of them hop right off the land into the sea, and disappear. Why do they do that?"

"Search me," I said, "but I think it's unintentional."

"There is one," he continued, "that seems to know where he is going. He hops about from one land to another, hops across the water, but he doesn't dive in. We have wondered about him."

"Him? Oh, that's Lindy. He's the greatest man we have, especially at hopping," I said.

Then he said, "We should like to know why you don't arrange apparatus to receive our messages. We have been sending them for centuries. We also have more modern means of transportation than the earth. We have immense tanks, equipped with Mars' Marvelous Motors, that hold one hundred and fifty passengers easily. We simply press a button and these tanks raise swiftly into the air, and away to their destination. They do not fly high, for as you can readily see, we have no mountains, only two small hills. On account of our cold climate, our trees do not grow to a great height. We do not clutter our land with poles for electricity. That is taken care of underground. Some of our adventurous young men are planning to attempt a trip to earth soon."

"Wonderful," I replied, "I hope they can make it by 1931 when I graduate from Margarita Black Union High School. But I'd sure like a ride in one of those big busses you spoke of. Can you run one?"

"Surely, child," he answered. "Come with me, and I'll take you over to the shore. There are interesting things to be seen there if you wait long enough. Have you ever seen comets lose their tails and grow new ones?"

"No, I never have," I answered, "but I'm thrilled to death. Let's go."

Well, we stepped into the big tank, which was filled with Mars men, women and children of marvelous size. The giant pressed the button,—the rest was oblivion.

Then—I heard a voice: "She'll come out of it in a minute. She's not hurt much, but that truck sure biffed us one!"

SPORTSMANSHIP

KIRK THOMPSON, '28

We hear and see that word a great deal, but just what does it mean? It seems to apply mainly to various games, but sometimes it is used when we are talking about other things, even about business. It has grown to stand for a very definite quality that is particularly interesting.

In the first place it requires that one obey the rules. If there are certain laws regulating a game or a race, the good sportsman will abide by those rules strictly. A great many times there are chances for a smart fellow to evade a rule and so gain an advantage. A sportsman will not do this. He realizes that rules are made for a purpose, that they are intended to be fair to everybody and to fix things so that everybody will have an equal chance with everybody else. They are for the good of the game, to make it orderly, and to get the best out of it. So the sportsman not only learns the rules of the game he plays, but obeys the letter and the spirit of them.

But something else is required; it is not easy to describe exactly what it is, because it is made up of so many different things. For instance, there is courtesy. You must play your hardest and do your best to beat your antagonist, but, no matter what happens, you must maintain a decent courtesy toward contestants and officials.

It also requires courage. A good sportsman is never a quitter; he must finish his race no matter how far he is behind, and keep trying up to the last second. He never knows when he is beaten; but when he is beaten, he takes his defeat graciously, without excuses or alibis, and without belittling the achievement of the victor.

True sportsmanship does not complain and protest, unless the good of the game demands that a protest be made. It does not take advantage of technicalities. It is not forever claiming fouls or asking that somebody be disqualified. The true sportsman takes no pleasure in winning an event by the operation of law rather than by his superior ability. He overlooks faults in his antagonist while taking pains to commit none himself.

But these things do not quite give the whole idea of sportsmanship. There is something else,—something hard to put the finger on. The final requisite of sportsmanship is nothing more nor less than that the sportsman carry into his contest the qualities which make him a gentleman.

Thus sportsmanship demands of one: Obedience to rules; courtesy; exclusion of petty fault-finding and protesting. It demands courage and a real contestant's heart. Lastly it demands that one shall be a gentleman always. It takes quite a fellow to be a sportsman, but, on the other hand, a sportsman is quite a fellow. It is well worth the trouble it takes.

THE ORCHESTRA

OWEN ASBERRY, '31

The orchestra leader picked up his baton, looked at the audience, and then brought it down in front of him with a tremendous sweep. The orchestra instantly responded. The basses sang sonorously and the violin squeaked in a sharp contrast. The big bass drum boomed away steadily and the small drum beat a sharp succession of short staccato notes. The slide trombone slid back and forth ferociously.

As the selection continued, the pianist got more and more excited; his hands dashed back and forth over the keys like race horses. You could not see his fingers, for they moved from one place to another with such speed.

All of the instruments in the orchestra were increasing their tempo; arms and notes were whirling around in the air above the players. The music was like the thundering of the elements during a storm, or the booming of the guns during a battle.

The violins shrieked and rent the air, the cymbals clashed like the falling of Tarpeia's shields. The horns tooted and whistled, while the drums boomed.

The leader's hair was awry, his baton swishing through the air like a live thing. Suddenly he gave a grand sweep of his baton and the music stopped.

The oppressive silence that followed was short, for almost at once there came a thunderous burst of applause, that sounded like the waves breaking on a rocky shore during the storm.

INDIAN SUMMER

JANE DLESSARD, '28

The peaceful little valley lay in the misty, silver and gold haze of Indian ghost fires at noontide. Drowsy, dreamy silence reigned. Golden wheat fields dotted here and there with purple asters rustled sleepily in the sunshine. Tall poplars dotted the valley, and on the hillside silvery birch, purple grapes and scarlet maples surrounded a gray house, nestled in the mellow silence. A wisp of smoke curled lazily from its chimney. Now and then the peaceful calm was broken by a scurrying squirrel or a droning bee. The world seemed to be dreaming. Even the woodpecker had ceased drumming, and the jay's mockeries were still. The only moving object in sight was an old Italian trudging down the dusty road with his hand organ and monkey. He, too, seemed to be dreaming, dreaming of sunny Italy and prismatic Naples—perhaps even dreaming of his boyhood days on the side of Mt. Vesuvius, and of an elfish, Madonna-eyed little playmate.

CONCERNING ADVERTISEMENTS

PATRICIA TRUCCO, '30

In most of the magazines there are just as many advertisements as there are stories. Most of the ads scare a person half to death. The Listerine people make you think you are sure to get a sore throat and die any minute. The cold cream companies make you think you have a perfectly terrible complexion, and the shampoo people must think everyone has long, straggly, unruly hair.

To read a story in a magazine without getting all mixed up in the advertisements is quite an accomplishment. Often one has an experience like this. The story reads—"Mary was out walking in the snow with her dog, Buster. As they walked along Buster saw a cat and started to chase it, but Mary called him back and said warningly: 'Pyorrhea's grim record is 4 out of 5.'"

Buster had a good time chasing the rabbits which have "a skin you love to touch." Suddenly he heard screams from afar and he knew his mistress had fallen through the "cool and refreshing ice" into the river. He started to run for the river, but he kept getting mixed up with Beauty Aids, dainty new ways to remove cold cream, and cough drops, and so he finally arrived just in time to see those "tailored zippers which add such a smart touch to your costume," sticking up in the air. Buster took hold of one leg with his glistening white teeth, "made clean by Pepsodent," and pulled with all the "Three in One Oil" in him. Mary came up smiling, with "that engaging mouth of youth." She took hold of Buster's hair, which was of the "finest kind of macaroni," and he pulled her to safety.

THE LOVE STORY OF MR. AL. G. BRA

MARIAN V. OLDSON, '29

Mr. Al G. Bra, who was an earnest, conscientious young man, was desperately in love with Miss E. Quation, who, at this time, was deeply infatuated with another, who had a rather large diameter; but still Mr. Al G. Bra knew the whims of women, and given time, he was sure he could supplant his rival in her affections.

And so, in factoring a way in which to make Miss E. Quation give up her unknown, he decided he must think of a way to make his rival become merely a substitute to be easily discarded when so desired.

Soon after, Mr. Al G. Bra proceeded to tri-angle after angle of her heart and mind so that he might subtract her attention from her unknown admirer and add to her respect and love for him. Then, also, he saw that he must, in some manner, divide his opponent's forces and multiply his own opportunities of seeing Miss E. Quation. Mr. Al G. Bra, not missing an opportunity of letting Miss E. Quation know of his suit, sent to her daily a lovely bouquet of violets bearing the simple message:

"As sweet as you, dear."

ALGERNON.

The task that he had set himself was a great one, but, knowing that he would be dismal (decimal) without her, he fell to work with a will and finally cast out his exponent, "Who," he told her, "is a poor figure of a man, for he has leaner (linear) measurements than I thought he had."

Proceeding on simple operative facts, he at last succeeded in brushing the wretched angle (rectangle) from his path and so grand that he had woof and won
Thus it endeth: They lived happily ever after.

WESTERN MOUNTAINS

DUDLEY TRIGGS, '10

From austere heights above the clouds,
To every lowly round-topped hill,
Dear mountains of the western coast,
I love your every nook and rill.

The little streams that start from snow
That melts upon some snow-capped peak
And join again in rivers broad
That flow into the ocean deep,
Are dear to me because they start
From mountains dear unto my heart.

The animals that roam your side,
Where pine and spruce abundant grow,
The birds that dwell where oak trees are,
And where the little streamlets go—
So dear to me are all of these:
The animals, the birds, and trees.

So mountains tall and mountains broad
That look out on the western sea,
You are the dwelling place of God
And therefore you appeal to me.

EQUUS CABALLUS SIVALENSIS

ARDEN LICHTY, '28

It was a typical summer's day on the Bar X ranch—the sun at its highest point beating down with merciless rays on the ranch buildings and not a breath of air stirring—an ordinary Arizona summer's day, for sure.

The quiet and undisturbed peace which had settled over the ranch was quite in accord with the non-energy raising weather, in fact, the only sign of life near the buildings was that made by the few horses kept in the corral by the barn.

Finally, however, a man emerged from the bunk-house and casually strolled over to another building, which, judging from its appearance, was the mess-house. The man happened to be Shorty McDowell, just an ordinary, rather lazy looking cowboy. As he entered the door he greeted a large, elderly man in the rear busied with the task of washing the dinner dishes. Pop Stevens, the cook, was one of those genial souls who got along with everyone, especially cowboys, since he had been one himself before he "retired" to this higher profession.

"Where're all the boys, Pop?" Shorty remarked, as he sauntered over to where the cook was working. "You'd think there was a funeral around here or something of the sort."

"They're all down the gully watchin' the Professor," the cook replied.

Two days before there had arrived at the ranch a party of zoologists composed of Professor Elias Dingley, his assistant, and several workmen. They had stated that it was the opinion of the university scientists that the basin in which the Bar X ranch lay was the logical region for excavation in search of the skeletons of animals which had lived some hundred thousand years ago. As Pop Stevens explained it, "The Professor claims that the animals used to come down to the arroyo to drink and he reckons they sank in the mud and have been buried there all this time, or some such idea as that."

"Let's go out and see the doin's ourselves," suggested Shorty. Pop agreed and a few minutes later the two were riding along the arroyo in search of the excavating party. They did not have far to go, for in a short time they saw a large group of cowboys and ranchmen gathered down by a spring watching the singular proceedings. The professor was assisting the workmen with pick and shovel and even some of the cowboys, interested in the idea, were working in the shallow pit that had been started. For the better part of an hour they dug away in vain—loosening nothing but dirt, rocks and shale. Some of the onlookers had left in disgust and Pop and Shorty were about to go when the Professor gave an exclamation of delight. His last shovelful of dirt had uncovered a long, gray bone imbedded in the earth.

"At last," he shouted, "our efforts have been rewarded. This is merely a part of the skeleton of some unknown beast which roamed these parts centuries ago. Within a few minutes, if all goes well, we shall uncover the complete skeleton of this priceless animal."

Sure enough, this bone proved to be only a part of the leg of the animal and finally the entire remains were unearthed and spread to the view of the onlookers.

There on the ground was the unmistakable skeleton of an animal about seven feet long—distinctly showing ribs, head, and legs. The strange part of it was, though, that by the side of this set of bones there was another, much smaller.

At this point the Professor adjusted his spectacles and said, "This, my friends, is probably one of the most remarkable discoveries along this line ever made. The large skeleton, I judge, is a forerunner of the species *Lokus Sivaleensis*. As to the smaller, I have yet to choose between two theories. It may be that it was a younger member of the same type or on the other hand it might have been entirely different and the two engaged in mortal combat when they were ensnared here."

All through this speech Pop had stood looking at the professor with a broad grin on his face and at this last remark he turned away with a muffled laugh, and motioned Shorty to come along.

That night when they were grouped around the large stove in the bunk-house discussing the whole affair, Shorty looked over at the cook and asked, "What made you burst out laughing when the Professor got through? I reckon he knows what he's doing, alright."

"Waal," drawled the grinning Pop, "I guess he does, sure 'nuf; the only thing is, is this—that's the exact spot where I buried my poor old mare and my dog side by side, twenty years back, but as long as it's for the good of science, I reckon I'll have to excuse the Prof. for desecratin' their poor remains."

FAITH

Alice Marie Berry, '28

He is an old man. His shoulders are stooped from the weight of a heavy pack, and the cruel heat of the desert has given his skin the appearance of brown leather. His hard life has been spent prospecting for gold in bare old rock formations and roaming the sandy wastes between.

He has learned the lore of a desolate land. He knows the ways of the frugal desert animals. In the plants, thriving on arid slopes, he finds nourishment for his body. In the glory of a heavenly sunset, and its daytime reflection in each tiny, vivid wildflower, he has found food for his soul.

He will tell us how, in the glittering midday as he travelled over the desert, the great thirst distorted his senses so that he saw cool fountains of water in settings of tropical foliage. He has seen great lakes of salty minerals reflecting the glare of the sun from their snow white surfaces.

He knows the awful secrets concerning "disappearances" and tragic deaths without number.

In this old prospector's youth, there was a dream—a dream of glittering gold, of untold wealth. The lure of the desert has beckoned him on, ever on—to realization? NEVER, we answer.

Still, in those old blue eyes there is a glowing point of light. Can it be that spark of a faith that never dies? If so—our answer is, NOT YET!

SITTING FOR A PICTURE

Harold Lyman, '31

One of the worst series of ordeals of a boy's life is sitting for a picture. The first ordeal is to dress up. I think that any normal boy who isn't out of his mind hates to dress up. The vest and coat make you feel like one of the four brothers in the fiery furnace, while the tie almost strangles you. The only time that I feel at all comfortable is when I have a bathing suit on, and then I'm not comfortable unless I am clear under water.

The second ordeal is posing for the picture. First the photographer puts you in one position and then, when he is about ready to snap it, he finds that you are frowning a little too much. Then, when you are set in the right position and he is on the verge of snapping the picture, you suddenly begin to itch all over. You make a vain endeavor to rub your nose with your arm but this ruins the whole picture and you have to do it all over again. Finally, the picture is taken.

The third and last ordeal is looking at the finished product. You cannot imagine how on earth you got that irritated look, while your mother explains that you just naturally don't take a good picture. But way down deep in your heart, you know that it is those plagued itches.



BOYS' HONOR ROLL

Richard Buhman . . .	Football (B team)	Basketball Baseball	Berwyn Yeager . . .	Football Basketball Baseball
Robert Pennington . . .	*Football (B team)	Basketball	Donald Thompson . . .	Football (B team)
Richard Kelly . . .	Football (B team)	Basketball	Charles Bissel . . .	Basketball
Leroy Currier . . .	Football (B team)	Basketball Baseball	Raymond Kunkee . . .	Football (B team)
Donald Stinchfield . . .	Football	Basketball	Albert Blundell . . .	Football Basketball
Charles Anderson . . .	Football		Carl Chase . . .	Baseball
Hinton Howe . . .	Football	Baseball	Dudley Triggs . . .	(B team)
Lyle Sexton . . .	Football		Arthur Horner . . .	Basketball
			Gilbert Higuera . . .	*Baseball
			Alfred Miller . . .	Baseball



GIRLS' HONOR ROLL

Margaret Davis

Volleyball

Elizabeth Bryant

Volleyball

Frances Fox

**Volleyball

Frances Vail

***Basketball

Dorothy Weaver

*Volleyball

*Basketball

(Captain) **Volleyball

Alberta Weber

***Basketball

Estella Weber

**Volleyball

Emilie Pierce

**Basketball

(Captain) **Basketball

**Volleyball

**Basketball

**Volleyball

*Basketball



BOYS' ATHLETICS, '28

RAYMOND KUNKEE

FOOTBALL.

The football team this year was light, so it was decided not to go into the league, but to play games for practice only.

The first game of the season was on October 1st, with Paso Robles at Paso Robles. The game proved to be a good one, being nothing to nothing until towards the last, when a lucky get-away by a Paso Robles player netted them a touchdown. The score ended in Paso Robles' favor.

Paso Robles	6
Atascadero	0

The second game was on October 15th, with Arroyo Grande at Arroyo Grande. By a great many successful line plunges the Arroyo boys won a touchdown in the form of a pass. Both sides failing to convert, the final score was a tie.

Atascadero	6
Arroyo Grande	6

The third game was on October 22nd, with Mission High School of San Luis Obispo on our own field. The boys did not go so well in this game. The final score was in Mission's favor.

Mission	7
Atascadero	0

The fourth game was on November 5th, with San Luis Obispo High School, on our own field. The boys were in fine condition and, as they started out with a strong determination to win, they made a fine showing. The game ended with the final score in Atascadero's favor.

Atascadero	14
San Luis Obispo	0

On November 19th, the last game was played against Paso Robles on our own field. The boys did not get started right in this game and lost it by a touchdown. The score ended in Paso Robles' favor.

Paso Robles	6
Atascadero	0

THE LINEUP

Donald Stinchfield	Right End	Albert Blundell	Right Guard
Donald Thompson	Left End	Hinton Howe	Center
Richard Buhman	Right Tackle	Richard Kelly	Quarterback
Berwyn Yeager	Left Tackle	Robert Pennington	Right Halfback
Charles Anderson	Left Guard	Leroy Currier	Left Halfback
Raymond Kunkee			Fullback



BASKETBALL

By the time the basketball season came around all the boys were ready for it and started practice with a will.

A TEAM

The first game was with Paso Robles at Paso Robles. The boys lost this game.

Paso Robles	11
Atascadero	7

The second game was on January 21st, with San Luis Obispo on our own court. Although the boys played hard, they lost.

San Luis Obispo	25
Atascadero	13

The third game was on February 4th, with Arroyo Grande on our own court. The boys were feeling fine and made a good showing in this game.

Atascadero	27
Arroyo Grande	14

The fourth and last game was on February 11th, with Templeton at Templeton. The boys fought hard, but played a losing game.

Templeton	40
Atascadero	9

B TEAM

The first game was on January 7th, against Mission High of San Luis Obispo. This was a hard-fought game, but ended in Atascadero's favor.

Atascadero	17
Mission	16

The second game was on January 14th, with Paso Robles. Being in good condition, the boys ended with a good score.

Atascadero	10
Paso Robles	4

The third game was on January 21st, with San Luis Obispo on our home court. The boys played hard, but were defeated.

San Luis Obispo	24
Atascadero	19

The fourth game was on February 4th, with Arroyo Grande at Arroyo Grande. The boys were in fine condition and played a good game.

Atascadero	20
Arroyo Grande	16

On February 11th was played the last game of the season. The boys played this game against Templeton at Templeton. This was an easy victory and everyone was in good spirits to end the season well. The score ended in Atascadero's favor.

Atascadero	20
Templeton	9

BASKETBALL LINEUPS

A TEAM

Berwyn Yeager	Forward
Donald Stinchfield	Forward
Arthur Horner	Center
Robert Pennington	Guard
Albert Blundell	Guard

B TEAM

Richard Buhman	Forward
Richard Kelly	Forward
Donald Thompson	Center
Leroy Currier	Guard
Raymond Kunkee	Guard



BASEBALL '28

Although most of the boys who were on the team this year were new at it, they started in to practice with a will.

The first game of the season was a practice game with the second team of the Polytechnic school of San Luis Obispo, on April 14. The score ended in Atascadero's favor.

Atascadero	6
Poly	0

On April 21st the second game of the season was played against Cambria on our home field. Owing to a bad start, the score ended in Cambria's favor.

Atascadero	1
Cambria	6

On April 28th we played our hardest game of the season. The game was played against San Luis Obispo, at San Luis Obispo. It lasted eleven innings, and the San Luis team won only after a hard struggle.

Atascadero	5
San Luis Obispo	9

On May 5th we played our 4th game of the season with Paso Robles on our home field. This game was a walk-away for Paso Robles, the game ending in their favor.

We played our 5th game at Arroyo Grande on May 12th. This game ended in Arroyo Grande's favor.

Atascadero	2
Arroyo Grande	6

May 17th marked our last game of the season. This game was played against Templeton on our home field. The score ended in Atascadero's favor and the boys were glad to end the season with a victory. The final score was:

Atascadero	9
Templeton	8

The lineup was as follows:

Leroy Currier	Catcher
Gilbert Higuera	Pitcher
Berwyn Yeager	First Base
Carl Chase	Second base
Raymond Kunkee	Short Stop
Donald Thompson	Third base
Alfred Miller	Left field
Richard Buhman	Center field
Hinton Howe	Right field



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

HELEN PETERSON, '30

The first sport in this year's athletic season was volleyball. The girls spent several weeks of hard practice. Then, feeling quite confident of victory, they challenged Templeton to a game. The challenge was accepted and the first set of games was played on the Templeton court. Two games were played by each team and both of our teams defeated the Templeton girls. The A team scores were 21-1 and 21-6. The B team scores were 21-15 and 21-13.

The A team consisted of: Frances Fox, Frances Vail, Dorothy Weaver, Estella Weber, Alberta Weber, Emilie Pierce and Elizabeth Bryant.

The next sport on our calendar was basketball. With much enthusiasm, as this was their favorite sport, the girls practiced hard.

In a few weeks the Paso Robles girls challenged Atascadero to a game on their own court. Rumor had it that the Paso Robles girls had a grim determination to defeat Atascadero after being defeated last year, and that they had practiced hard. Feeling not quite as confident as before our girls accepted the challenge.

The teams were evenly matched and both played a hard, rough game. The games were very exciting, but, although the girls put up a good fight, both of our teams met with defeat. A much less rejoicing crowd journeyed homeward to announce the first defeat for several years. The A team score was 14-12 and the B team score 7-6. Both scores were close and we practiced doubly hard expecting a return game in a few weeks, but the Paso Robles team refused to meet us again.

Our next interschool game was with Templeton.

The teams were quite evenly matched but both of our teams won. The A team score was 13-10 and the B team 33-6. In about two weeks, the girls came down to try their luck on our court, but were again defeated by both of our teams. The scores were: A team 20-12, and B team 28-0.

Those playing on the first team were: Emilie Pierce, f; Estella Weber, f; Frances Fox, c; Dorothy Weaver, c; Frances Vail, g; and Alberta Weber, g.

The girls ended their athletic season feeling quite content, except for the loss of the game with Paso Robles. However, they consoled themselves by thinking that if they had played a return game they might have turned the tables.

OMENS OF THE SEASON

EMOGRNIE VAN EVEREN, '30

When the leaves come on the trees,
When there's fragrance in the breeze,
When the birds begin to sing,
That's the coming of the Spring.

When the warmer breezes blow,
When the roses bloom and go,
When the columbine is green,
Summer enters on the scene.

When the fruit is stored away,
When comes bright October's day,
When the leaves begin to fall,
That's when we hear Autumn's call.

When Jack Frost has come around,
When the snow is on the ground,
When the chilling winds begin,
Then we usher Winter in.



DENISE DOTY, '29

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

This year the Freshman reception was held early in the fall, which was especially gratifying to the June graduates of '27, who were scheduled to leave in a few days for various colleges, as it enabled them to take part in school activities once more.

The usual regime was carried out when the class of Variegated Verdants were taken down into the basement and put through a series of blood-curdling, hair-raising experiences in which raw liver and shin-scraping man-traps played the leading parts. After this test which proved the courage of the Variegated Verdants (both sexes) the party was continued in the gym, ending with dancing and delicious refreshments.

GIRLS' JINKS

The Girls' Jinks, held in January, was a charming bit of old Spain. The prosaic windows of the gym had been transformed cunningly into latticed casements. A balcony beckoned to some daring lover. Beautiful señoritas and romantic dandies formed a kaleidoscopic scene of beauty in the gay dance. A sprinkling of sailors, gypsies and some comedies gave the scene a cosmopolitan color. During the refreshments a short program of Spanish songs was given. Every one was satisfied with the selection of prize-winners and the Girls' Jinks of 1927 was voted a wonderful success.

CLASS DANCES

The Juniors inaugurated the series of school dances, with a "smart hop" given in October. The decorations were of varicolored paper and Japanese lanterns, effectively placed. The All Tennessean Orchestra furnished the music and the spirit of joy in this initial dance set the mark high for the year.

The second dance of the season was given by the A and M Club. This furnished a thoroughly enjoyable evening. The Paul Jones was introduced as one of the dances of the evening, creating a spirit of enjoyment not soon to be forgotten. The A and M Club are good hosts.

The Freshmen gave a charming St. Patrick's dance in which the color scheme of the decorations was green and white. The music was furnished by school talent. The dance was fairly well attended and thoroughly enjoyed by those present. Refreshments were served by a committee in charge at the close of a pleasant evening.

One of the most unique of the dances given during the year by any of the classes was the A and M dance given on March 30. It had been advertised as a "Horsefeathers Dance" and the school was on tip-toe with excitement over the surprises promised. They were not disappointed. The guests were met at the door and presented with dance programs representing the famous Spark Plug. The interior of the gym had been made over to represent a stable, even to a stall with hay. It was all very effective. In keeping with the general idea, the various

dances were named "Turkey Hop" and "Horsetailers Special," and added fun to the program.

The evening's dancing gave place for a time to a famous horse race in which four boys on mettlesome chargers, improvised from saw horses, ramped around the room. Also, Spark Plug made a personal appearance wearing his famous blanket and the proper number of legs, but the shoes were not of the horse variety.

At the end of the evening, refreshments were served. The appreciative guests gave the A and M Club a vote of thanks for a "huge" evening, especially mentioning the fine music.

JUNIOR PROM

Your correspondent, a most conscientious person, would like to tell you fully of the Junior and Senior Prom—the date, June 8—but, alas, she is not a prophet.

"Society copy" in journalistic parlance, must be in the hands of the printer a full month before this affair is to take place.

Tradition is sacred in M. B. U. H. S. and she knows the Prom is an assured fact. She knows that, whether it occurs at the Inn as a banquet, or at the school as a dance, there will be the joy of anticipation as the Juniors look forward to this farewell to the Junior year; but with this a feeling of sadness comes at parting with their classmates, the Seniors. There will be music and flowers, gay laughter, color, and happy faces.

And as the lights dim and the evening closes, the Prom will go into history as: "The Junior and Senior Prom of '28, given June 8, was a brilliant success."

IN THE FOREST

BERTHA CALVERT, '30

In the deepness of the forest soft and cool,
Aloof from all the worldly things on earth,
By the waters of some quiet little pool,
"Tis there I find true things of Nature's worth.

Drifting through the wood there blows a mountain breeze,
It sighs and moans, or sings in happy tone;
And from manzanita bush and wide-flung trees,
The birds sing to their mates—and them alone.

While the day awaits the twilight, slow to fade,
I watch the colors change, ere day is spent,
From the brighter tints to hues of pastel shade,
Then sadly, softly, Night makes her descent.

A SUMMER DAY

EDWARD BLACK, '30

A young boy sat by a quiet brook,
Holding a fishing rod;
The sun was hot and the woods were still,
So the lad began to nod.

A girl came tripping through the woods,
Singing a merry song,
She startled the lad and he awoke
Wondering what was wrong.

"I'm sorry that I disturbed your nap;
Forgive me and I'll away."
"Oh, no," he said, "pray stay a while,
I can fish some other day."





DALAS RAYKE, '29

The boys' and girls' Glee Clubs have progressed much this year under the direction of Miss Steele, our new special music teacher. In addition to the glee clubs, Miss Steele conducts classes in harmony and music history, which have proved very popular among the students.

The band and orchestra have also been very successful under the leadership of Mr. Boardman and have played at several different performances.

"CLARENCE"

"Clarence," the Senior Class Play of this year, was one of the most successful plays ever produced by the local high school. The play centers about Clarence, (Arden Lichity) a young ex-soldier, who is seeking employment at the office of Mr. Wheeler (Norman Hinton). He indirectly becomes acquainted with the daughter and son of Mr. Wheeler, Cora (Frances Vail) and Bobby (Dorothy Weaver), and becomes their confidant.

While Cora's governess, Miss Pinney (Harriette Hasty), and Mr. Wheeler are talking about Cora's latest escapade, Mrs. Wheeler (Alice Berry) comes to the office. Mrs. Wheeler is intensely jealous of Miss Pinney and a family quarrel ensues. In order to keep Clarence quiet about the family history, which he has overheard, Mr. Wheeler employs him as a handy-man at his home.

Clarence becomes the idol of the household. While straightening out Cora's and Bobby's love affairs, he falls in love with Violet. They leave the Wheelers' to get married and Clarence resumes his old position as entomologist.

Esther Breese as Mrs. Martyn, Mr. Wheeler's secretary, made a very efficient business woman. Margaret Davis as Della and Marion Hess as Dinwiddie played their parts very well, as did Richard Buhman as Hubert Stem, the disappointed lover of Miss Pinney.

The entire cast deserves especial commendation for the smooth, delightful, and almost professional performance of this very clever comedy.

"DUST OF THE ROAD"

The Girls' League Play was presented at the Atascadero Playhouse as a prologue two weeks before Christmas. Before the play a group from the Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs, dressed in old fashioned costumes, sang some favorite Christmas carols.

The play opened with Prudence Steele (Dorothy Weaver) worrying over the absence of her husband (Frances Vail). As she waits, a tramp comes to the door and asks for shelter from the snow storm, but she turns him away.

Her uncle (Harriette Hasty) tells her that he knows the secret which she and her husband have been trying to keep for fifteen years. The story is this: A friend of the family has to leave town and gives them a sum of money to give to his son when he has grown to manhood. This is the Christmas Eve on which they had promised to return the money. No written agreement was made so, as the son has no proof, they resolve to keep the money.

A stranger enters and frightens Prudence Steele with his knowledge of her

secret thoughts. Mr. Steele comes home and his wife tells him of the tramp, who has disappeared. Prudence goes to bed while Peter sits by the fire. Then the tramp appears again. He warns the husband to give the money back. The tramp tells of Judas and the thirty pieces of silver, and shows the rope marks on his throat. He overawes Peter by his tale of sorrow and repentance, and Peter and Prudence agree to return the money.

All the parts were splendidly portrayed and the whole play was one of tense dramatic interest.

"IN OLD LOUISIANA"

The operetta given this year by the Glee Clubs was "In Old Louisiana." Last year no operetta was given, so the one given this year was doubly appreciated.

Rose Farley (Ruth Talbot) is the adopted daughter of Pilot Farley (John White), both of whom are the sole survivors of a shipwreck. Rose's love is returned by Richard St. John (Arden Lichty), a neighboring planter. Simon Scudder (Donald Thompson), overseer of Farley's plantation, falls in love with Rose and when revolted by her plans with the help of Hola Timms (Meredith Kingham) and Jack Martin (Hinton Howe), to claim that Rose is the daughter of an octoroon slave.

Rose, fearful that she may have negro blood in her veins, although unaware of Scudder's plot, refuses to marry Richard.

Scudder and his conspirators show the pilot a forged paper to prove that Rose is an octoroon, but Richard interferes and a duel is arranged between Scudder and Richard. Scudder fires before the signal is given and slightly wounds Richard, but the latter forfeits his shot.

Rose and the pilot's guests are attracted by the shot. Scudder is about to tell Rose that she is an octoroon, when the sheriff and the Marquis de la Tour arrive. The Marquis proves to be Rose's grandfather. Scudder and his accomplices are thrown into jail. The Marquis gives his consent to the marriage of Rose and Dick, and the play ends happily.

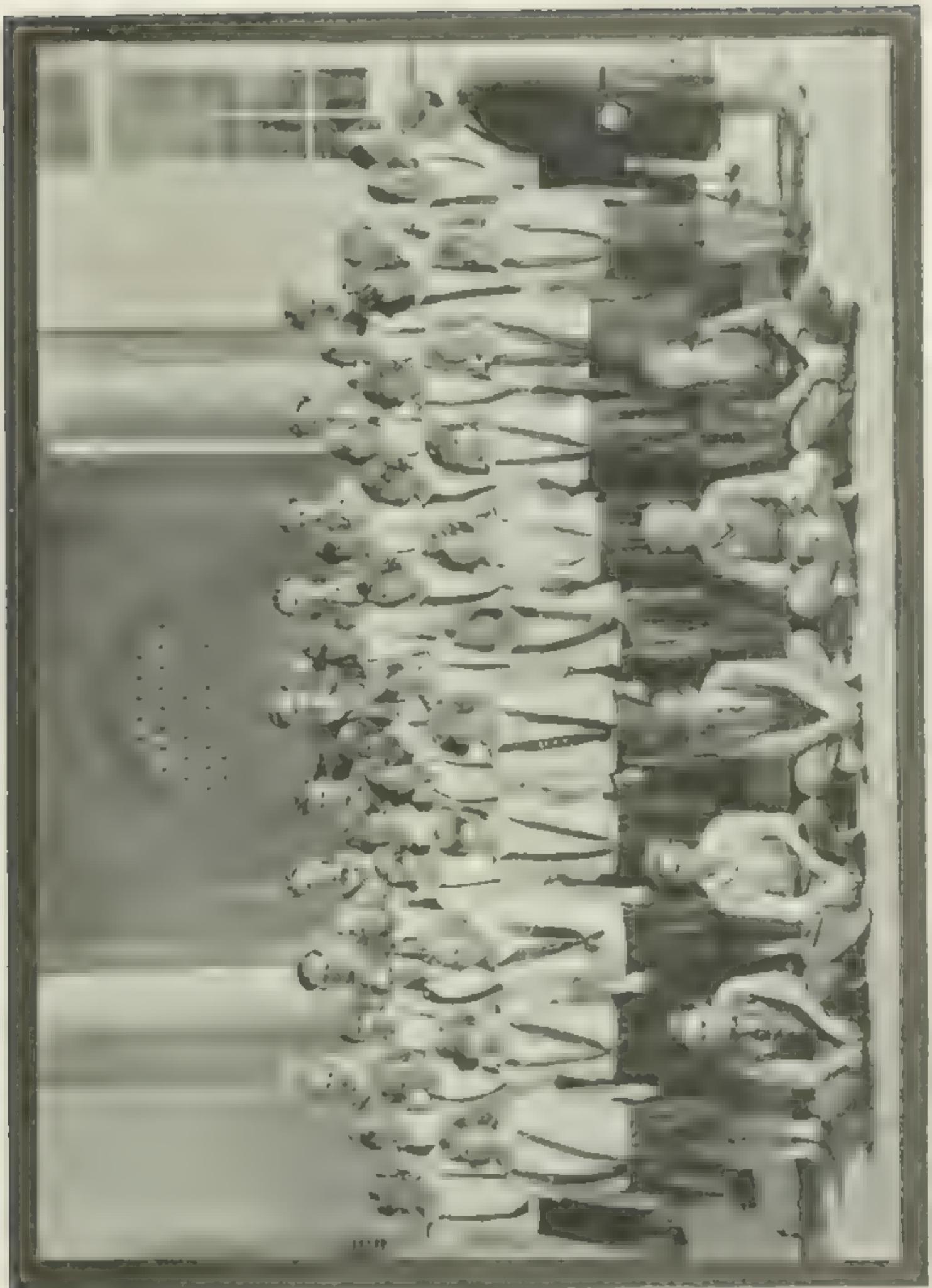
A CHILDHOOD MEMORY

EVA P. MORRIS, '30

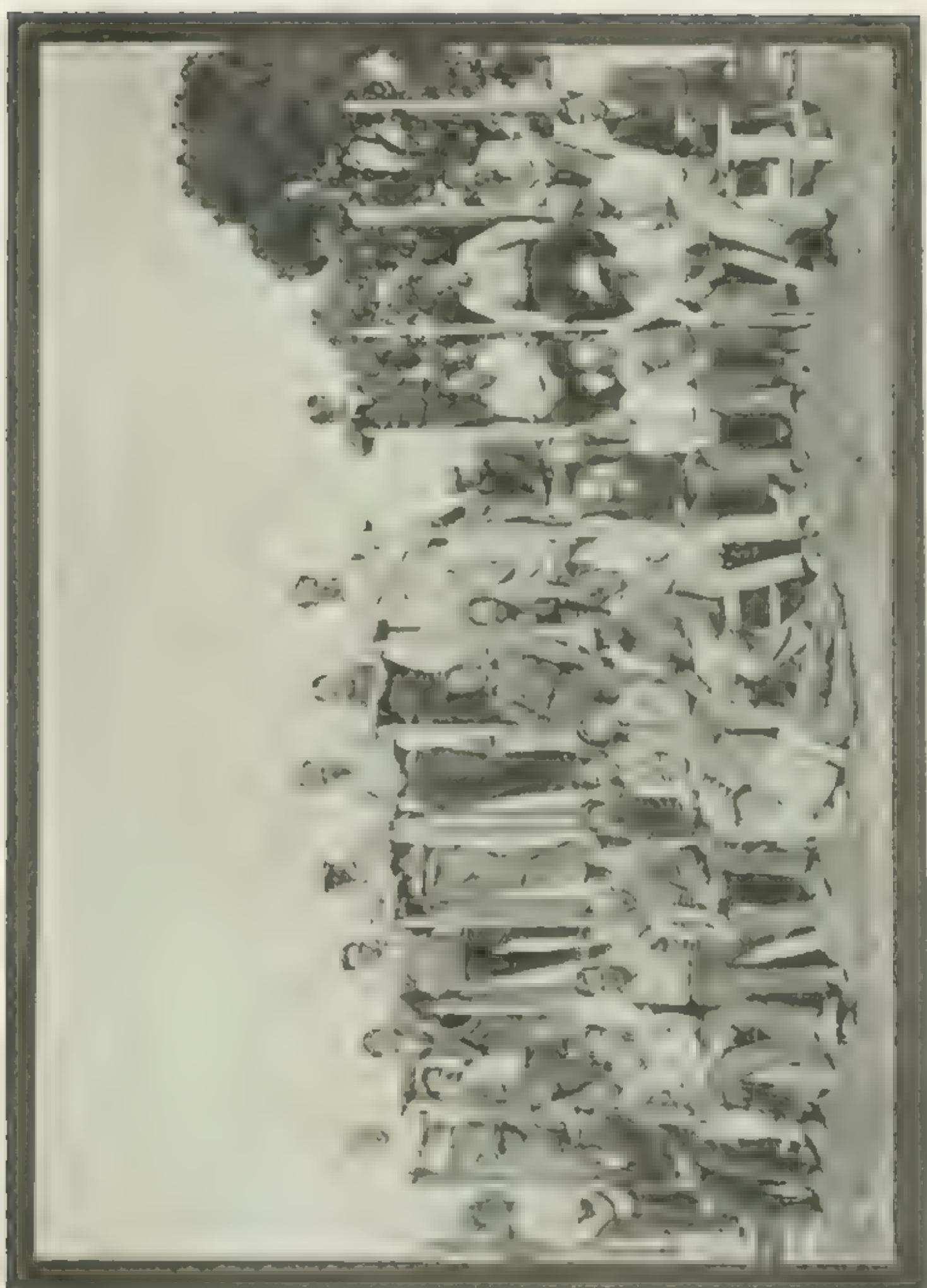
In childhood's day I once did dwell
On rustic mountainside,
A redwood tree at our back door
Spread out its branches wide.
Its sturdy limbs grew out like steps;
Among them we did hide.

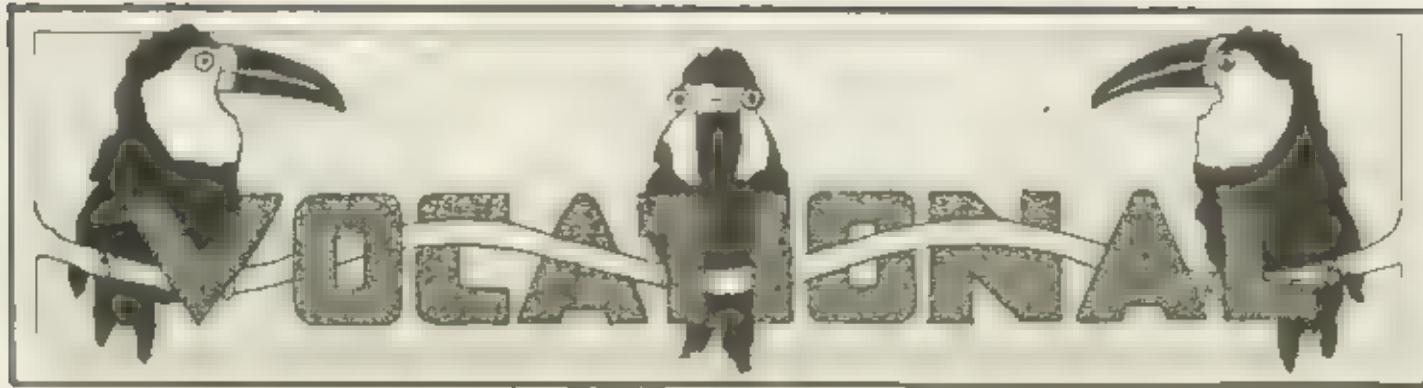
And there we played at make-believe
'Mong branches intertwined.
Swiss fam'ly Robinson were we,
And to our fate resigned,
Or agile monkeys playing tag
With others of our kind.

This grove a lofty castle was
With tow'rs of living jade.
My brother small was gallant knight;
I was a captive maid.
Oh, could I be a child again
And play in silvan shade!









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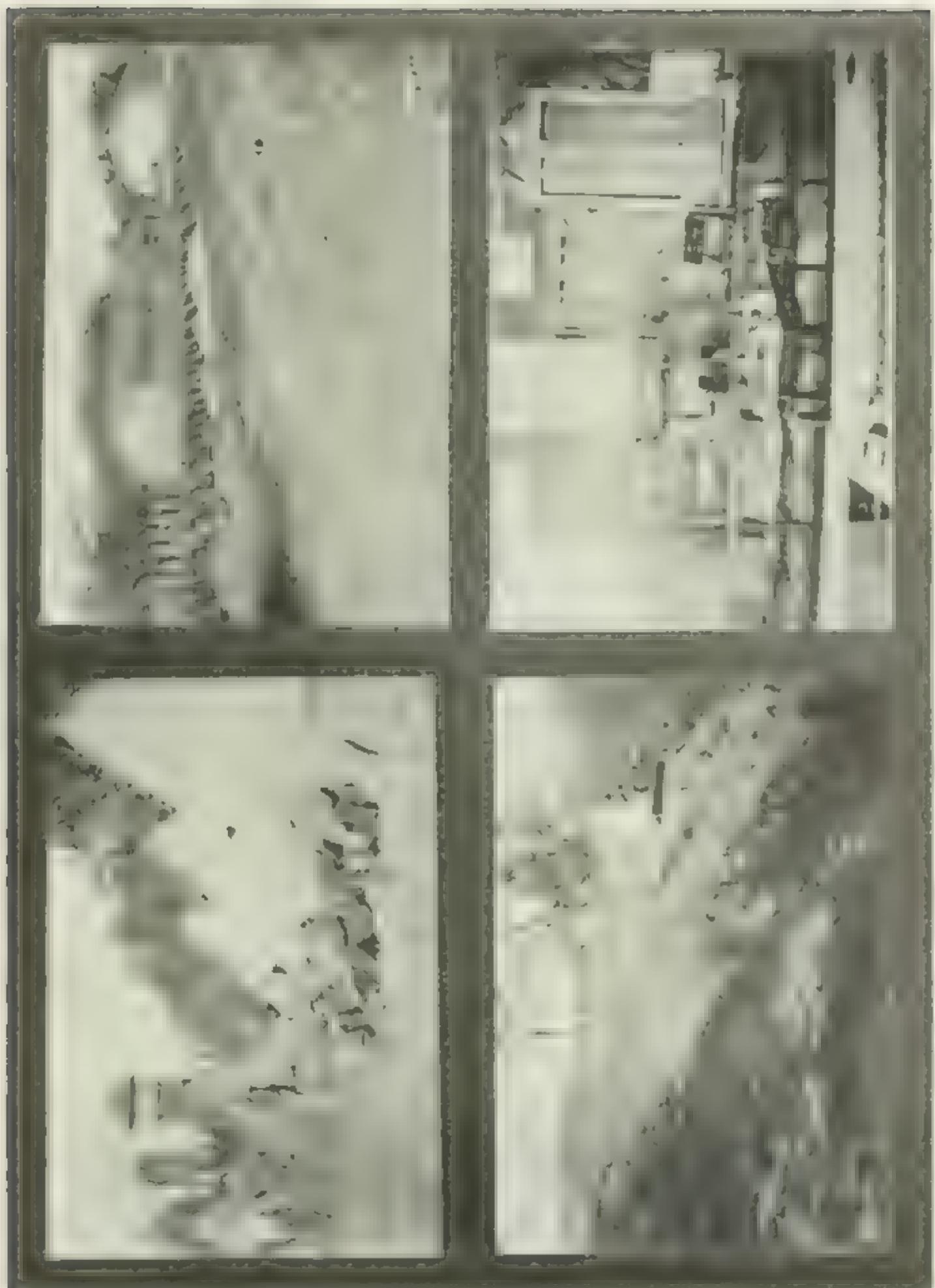
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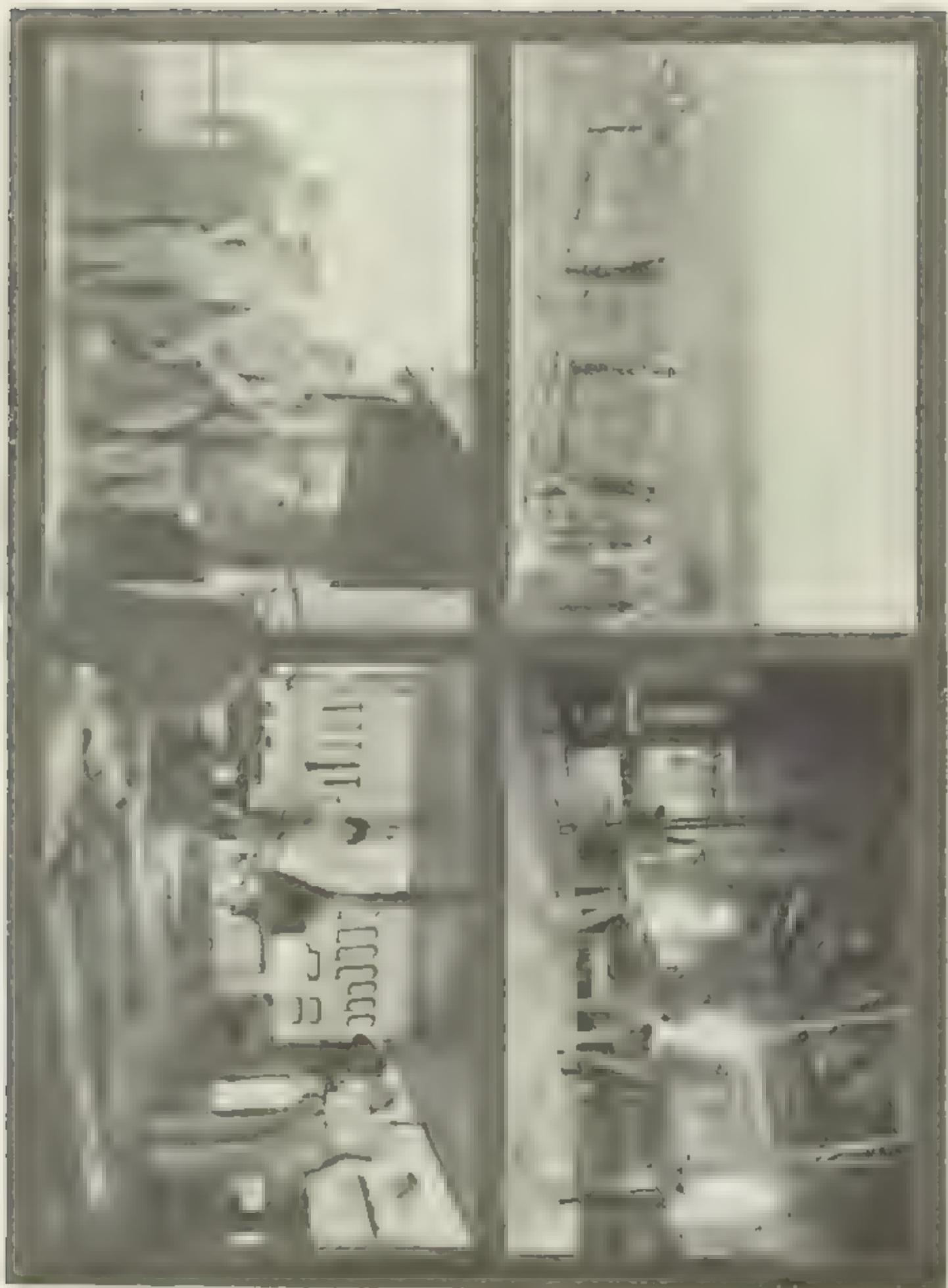
CLUB MOTTO

"Labor Conquers All Things"



MECHANICS TEAM







HOME ECONOMICS

The Home Economics Department, under the direction of Miss Gehlken, has accomplished a great deal in the past year.

The special work of the Department has been the redecoration of the dining-living room in the cottage. Pillows and seat cushions were made by the sewing girls. The Art Department made pictures for the walls and a panel for the mantle. A new chair and a fern box were added to the furniture. The color scheme carried out was orange and blue and the effect was very pretty.

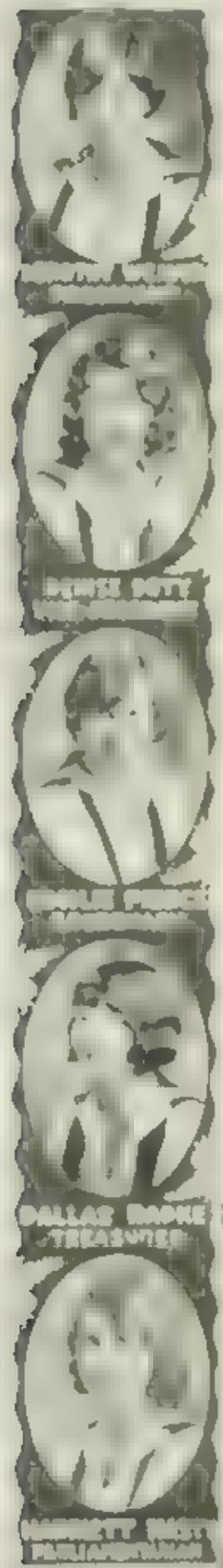
Sewing exhibits were held at Christmas time and at the close of school. These exhibits give the public a chance to see what has been accomplished by the girls.

Special luncheons with decorations and menus to suit the holiday were given at Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving, Valentine's Day, St. Patrick's Day and Mothers' Day. Members of the Faculty, members of the School Board, faculty dames, mothers, and friends of the girls were guests at these luncheons. At Christmas time the girls of the cooking classes prepared attractive candy boxes.

Each year the girls stay at the cottage for a short time in working out a part of the Home Management Course. Meal planning and preparation, marketing, budgeting, and methods in sanitation make up a part of this program.

A special money-making project was carried out by the department this year. The girls took orders for cooked foods and the girls of the cooking classes filled these orders in their regular class periods. The net profit of the project was twenty dollars which helped to pay for the pages given over to the Department in the Annual.





"All for One and One for All"

The Girls' League of Margarita Black Union High School has, as usual, had a very successful year.

At the close of the school term of '27 the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Dorothy Weaver, President; Denise Doty, Vice-President; Emilie Pierce, Secretary; Dallas Radke, Treasurer; and Harriett Hasty, Parliamentarian.

One of the most worth while events was the Annual Convention held at Hollister. A very large delegation attended from our school. The stunt put on by our girls received much commendation, and, besides the enjoyable association with the girls and the instructive Round Tables, we had the honor of being selected, with the co-operation of Paso Robles, as the hosts for next year's convention. We are very anxious that we may be able to give the girls as enjoyable a time as we had at Hollister.

The customary play was given this year in the form of a prologue, "Dust of the Road," which proved a great success. The community responded very readily and the proceeds were ample enough to carry us thru the year.

The Jinx given on January 28, in the form of a Spanish Fiesta, was cleverly carried out and enjoyed by all.

A delicious May breakfast reflected credit on all those responsible for its success.

Varied programs furnished by the different classes and outside talent, including Mr. Terpenning and Prof. J. B. Diefert, made the meetings of the year instructive and entertaining.

A farewell reception given to the Seniors at the close of school, pleasantly ended the year's work.



Those of our Alumni who are holding various positions in offices and elsewhere are: Alice Dulitz '21, Alfred Kitto '22, Clarence Radke '23, Mabel Pratt '23, Wayne Talbot '23, Dale Lichty '23, Elizabeth Nelson '24, Hans Heilmann '24, Morris Hurst '24, Harry Kyle '24, Oliver Breese '25, Everett Fenny '25, Sidney Magill '25, Curtis Lock '25, Orville Duncan '26, Alfred Engle '26, Otto Heilmann '26, Robert Pierce '26, Mabel Giese '26, Josephine Bissel '26, Edwin Grabenstein '26, Genevieve Lyman '27, Clifford Reynolds '27, Vernal Hodges '27, Philip Kinder '27, Theodore Kelly '27, Atisendro, Hazel Watts '22, Robert Lyman '22, William Kitto '22, Thomas Manwarring '22, Raymond St. Clair '23, Helen Hathaway '23, Dorothy Mott '24, Lacie Falconer '24, Helen Houlihan '24, Alfred Heir-Johnson '25, Madeline Voss '27, Vernon Gregory '27, San Francisco; Jeannette Slagg '23, Oak, nd., Herbert Wuesthoff '24, Richard, Cecily Crane '25, Berkeley, Leo Wuesthoff '26, Nampa Idaho, William Kraft '26, Santa Maria.

Those who are attending different schools and colleges are: Seymour Smith '22, Roland Howe '27, Stanford University; Gen Cherry '22, Dorothea Loken '23, Dorothy Wilcox '24, Ida Wilcox '24, Muriel Oliva '25, University of California; Philip Horner '24, Ardis Birnie '25, Raymond Eisenbise '25, Earl Weaver '26, Santa Barbara State Teachers College, Frances O'Connor '22, Southern Branch of California; Grace Eisenbise '23, La Verne College, Lora Aborn '24, Chicago Conservatory of Music, Wilma Apperton '24, Pomona College, Ruth Beers '24, Berta Beers '25, College of Pacific, Lorene Brown '25, Duke University, Elwin Harrington '25, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis; Ethel Goeb '25, Armstrong Business College, William Fowler '25, Alfred Voak '25, Matthew Triggs '26, Clinton Institute of Technology, Mildred Brownell '26, Heald's Business College, Catherine Howe '26, Northwestern University, Lavelia Miller '26, Grace Stephenson '26, San Jose Teachers College, Dorothy Baker '27, Madeline Smith '27, Lutheran Nursing School, Los Angeles; William Bissel '27, Wilbur Oliva '27, University of Arizona; Robert Bremley '27, Art School, Los Angeles, Leila Hostetter '24, Methodist Training School, San Diego, Ruth Olsen '27, San Diego Teachers College, Kenneth Greathead '27, Oakwood Technical Institute, Anne Miller '27, Nursing School San Luis Obispo; Waldo Buhman '27, California Polytechnic.

Those of our Alumni who have set sail upon the "Sea of Matrimony," are: Mildred Weeks '21, Catherine Austin '21, Mildred Hallway '21, Lucille Brownson '21, Grace Stinchfield '22, Caroline Lovett '22, Helen Eisenbise '22, Edna Miller '22, Harriet Talbot '22, Helen Rhyne '23, Adele Bishop '23, Ramona Garcia '23, Ethel Bursell '23, Sylves Fuller '23, Dick Hyland '23, Julia Hanson '23, Ruth Dooley '24, Irene Grabenstein '24, Hershal Prewitt '24, Arreta Smedes '24, Ramona Torres '24, Jennie McClellan '24, Gwendlyn Miller '24, Esther Judkins '25, Nevele Hawkins '25, Lillian Stevens '25, Kathryn Bennick '26, Belmont Appel '26, Winifred Garrity '27.

Last but surely not least, we must list our Post Graduates: Alma Albright '26, Genevieve Plagman '27, John White '27, Cecil Oldson '27, Helen Gay '27, Paul Horner '27.

In Memoriam: Milburn Fox '22, Polly Harris '27.





Probably if the neighbors had their way, Arden Lichty would be a finished Saxophonist.

Freshie—"I feel bored—"

Junior—"What makes you feel that way?"

Frosh—"I've been drilled for the last half hour."

Andy—"Goodness! What's all that noise?"

Hess—"Oh, I just dropped a perpendicular."

Miss Steele—"How did you like the Barcarolle at the musicale last night, Helen?"

Helen—"I didn't stay for the refreshments, Miss Steele."

Dot W—"Something is preying on poor Dick's mind."

Foxy—"Never mind, it will die of starvation."

Andy—"And now, pupils, we get x—= to zero."

Weaver—"Oh, Gee! All that work for nothing!"

Mrs. Zimmerman—"Have you done any outside reading lately?"

Dud—"No, it's been too cold lately to read outside."

A superintendent once served this injunction:

On pupils of his without any compunction:
"You must pick up the trash
Or you'll go without hash,
For this school, I say, must quite properly function."

Hobo—"Please, lady, can you help a poor man?"

Margaret—"Can you saw wood?"

Hobo—"What grammar! You mean, can you see wood?"

Miss Saylor—"Won't you join me in a cup of tea?"

Miss Hollemback—"You get in first and I'll follow."

"When I came onto the stage, the audience simply sat open mouthed."

"Oh, nonsense, they never all yawn at once."

Foxy—"Say, Central, are you all crazy down there?"

Hiet—"I'm sorry, madam, but we are not allowed to give information."

Soph—"Look at the football players in all that mud! How will they ever get clean?"

Frosh—"Huh! What do you think the scrub team is for?"

Miss P.—"That newly married couple worship each other, don't they?"

Miss A.—"Yes, and she places burnt offerings before him three times a day."

Frosh—"What's holdin' yuh back?"

Soph—"Nuthin'."

Frosh—"Spineless, huh?"

There was once a fellow named Wood;
He made poems that really were good;
But one fault he had,
That was really quite bad.
Was that he always tried to put as many words in the last line as he possibly could!

Hiet—"I'm as pure as the lily—"

Dottem—(Clever as usual) "Yeh, and like the lily you toil not and neither do you spin!"

Andy—(explaining in Geometry) "Now watch the board closely while I go thru it again."

There was a young Freshman called Arden,
And he was as green as a garden.
He his teachers annoyed
'Cause his head was a void,
And he always begged everyone's pardon.

Miss Steele—"Harriet, what is an operetta?"

Harriet—(absent minded, as usual) "It's the girl who works for the Telephone Company."

Carl—"Milly, why don't you make a down payment on a brain?" Everyone else has one!"

Milly—"I would, but I'm afraid I'd get stung like you did!"

There was a young lad we called Hinty,
Who was neither cross-eyed nor squinty.
While hunting a deer
He broke down with fear,
This weak hearted laddie named Hinty.

Lady to Dog Fancier—"Here, take this animal back. You said he was a bird dog and he hasn't sung a note since we've had him."

She—"Are you fond of tea?"
He—"Yes, but I like the next letter better."

Miss Clark (walking in Atascadero)—
"Gee! it's terrible climbing these ridges!"

Arden Weaver (a few feet ahead)—"Yah, that's the bi—ll of it!"

According to a Freshmen Intelligence Test:

An oxygen is an 8-sided figure.
Nero means absolutely nothing.

Homer is a type of pigeon.

Ulysses S. Grant was a tract of land upon which several battles of the civil war were fought.

A quorum is a place to keep fish.

A vegetarian is a horse doctor.

Radium is a new kind of silk.

Henry Clay is a mud treatment for the face.

Mussolini is a patent medicine.

Flora and Fauna are a couple of chorus girls.

There was a young maiden, quite charming and fair,
Who vowed of short locks she would surely beware.
So we were amazed
When one morning we gazed
For Cecil had cut off her bonny brown hair!

Burglar in Dud's room—"Keep quiet or I'll blow out your brains. It's money I want."

Dud—"Just a minute and I'll help you look for some."

Cat—"You wouldn't have a chance in a fight with me. I have nine lives."

Frog—"You're not in it. I've croaked hundreds of times."

"Let me sell you a Saturday Evening Post, mister?"

"No thanks, I'm still reading the one I bought in 1920."

Miss Gehlken (to grocer over the phone)—
—"How's your corn, today?"

"That fellow who killed the policeman died last night."

"Yes?"

"Yes, he sat on the electric chair and the shock was too great for him."

Janitor—"Hi there! Get off the grass!"

Freshie—"What for?"

Janitor—"You'll dull the blades."

Denise Doty—"I ordered strawberry shortcake. Where are the berries?"

Waiter—"That's what it's short of."

"Know what will stop falling hair?"
"Yeh, the floor."

Professor—"Am I speaking loudly enough?"

Frank (dozing)—"Sure, I can't even sleep."

"Hasn't she attractive eyes? They're so different."

"Yeh, I noticed that one's green and the other's brown."

Miss Steele (to second sopranos)—"Well, why don't you come in?"

Second Sopranos—"We can't; we've lost the key."

A MAN'S VIEWPOINT

Husband—"You ought to dust the closet. There's a spider web hanging."

Wife—"I knew you wouldn't say anything nice about my new dress!"

"I just swatted 5 flies, 2 males and 3 females."

"How can you tell?"

"I got 2 on the desk and 3 on the mirror."

If Hasty Harriett should Pierce Emilie, would Fair Lucille Berry Alice or Chase Mildred? Then would Marilyn Ball or would John Carroll and why should the shock turn Irene Green, Edward Black, and John White?

An Irishman crossing the golf links got hit by a ball. The player hurried up and finding that Pat was not seriously hurt, he said sharply, "Why didn't you get out of the way?"

"An' why should I get out of the way?" said the Irishman angrily. "I didn't know there was any murderers around here."

"But I called 'fore,'" said the player. "and when I say 'fore' that's a sign that you are to get out of the wa"

"Oh, it is, is it?" said Pat. "Well, when I say 'foive,' it's a sign you are goin' to get hit in the jaw. Foive!"

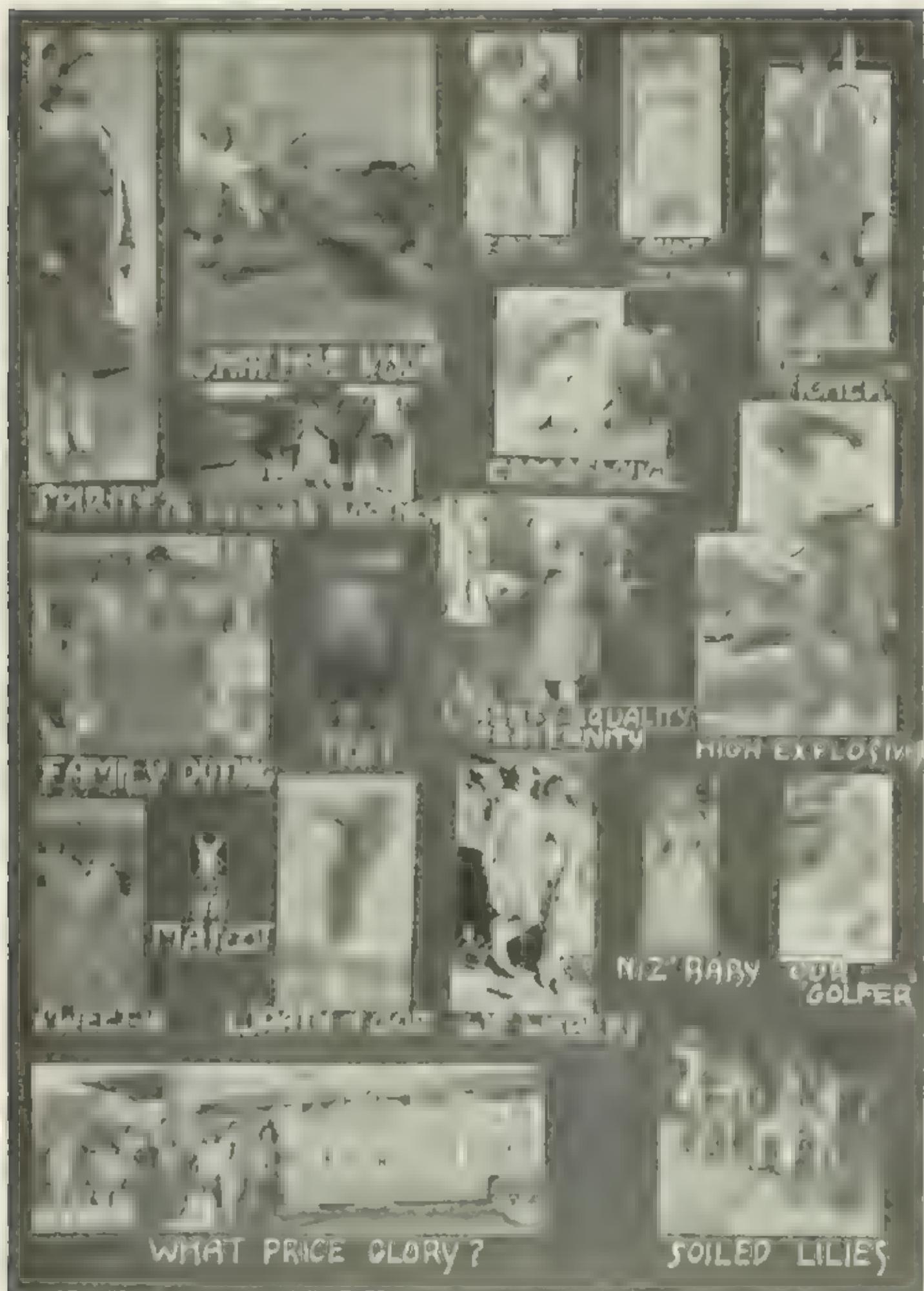
When the woman motorist was called upon to stop, she asked, indignantly, "What do you want with me?"

"You were travelling forty miles an hour," answered the police officer.

"Forty miles an hour? Why, I haven't been out an hour," said the woman.

"Go ahead," said the officer. "That's a new one to me."







THE FOREST POOL

STUART C. OAKES, '29

Oh, what could be more pleasant, in
The midst of work and school,
Than going on a camping trip,
And swimming in a pool?

A pool of crystal water, with
The fishes swimming round,
Where all the creatures come to drink:
Where animals abound.

'Twould be a thing no King could do,
Upon a summer day,
To jump right in this forest pool,
And wash the cares away.

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LINCOLN **Ford** FORDSON

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LIVE OAK BAKERY
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ON THE HIGHWAY

ATASCADERO, CALIF.

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